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birds—who never eat when they are not hungry, nor drink unless they are thirsty—seek refreshment and shelter from the heat and burden of the day.

The cows, most philosophical and most luxurious of animals, have sought the shady pool, where, up to the knees in water, the surrounding trees shelter them from the hot sun, and they may chew the cud in silent meditation and in comfort, doing at the same time their appointed work of secreting the milk which is to fill the waiting pail, and which will probably not reach the city. The calf, which the artist very properly leaves with its dam, though the farmer would probably have removed it for the sake of his milk-pail, has not yet reached the age for the full enjoyment of the scene, though it can appreciate the welcome coolness of the place, and in time, under the tuition of its elders, will find its daily siesta as much a necessity as they do, and will chew the cud with as much apparent philosophy and satisfaction. For the cow is very much of a sybarite, and, like all true *bons vivants*, enhances her enjoyment of life by a careful observance of the laws of health. She never crops the grass in the middle of the day; but, gathering a supply of food in the morning, when the cool air makes moving about a pleasure, spends the hot mid-day as those in the picture are doing, preparing and digesting the gathered food, with blood unheated and nervous system undisturbed by weather or worry. Surely neither Flint, Dalton, nor any other of our physiologists, could devise a more strictly hygienic mode of life.

With the horse it is different. Naturally more active, man has easily pressed him into service, and given him a part in the business of life. If the cow may stand as a type of the person of leisure, the *habitué* of the clubs and the promenade, the horse represents the working-man, the man of business. For him the middle of the day is the time for work, and, like his master, he must be content with a brief space for rest and refreshment. Nature has fitted him for this mode of life by giving him—what she has denied to the cow and the ox—a digestive apparatus which will allow of his taking a hasty lunch and washing it down with his only beverage before resuming the labors of the day. No bar-room, gaudy with plate-glass and gilding, is half so welcome a sight to its customers as that roadside trough to him and to his dumb companions: the colt, who has not yet taken part in the work of the world; the dog, busiest of animals, with the least in the way of results to show; and the motherly duck and her troublesome family. Surely no better tribute could reward a good deed than the enjoyment those creatures find in slaking their thirst at the fountain some kind hand—perhaps long ago turned to clay—has provided for them; and who can tell how that one deed of kindness shall weigh against the inevitable errors of a lifetime?

OLD STOCKBRIDGE.

To the picture which Mr. Parton has painted for the Centennial Exhibition, no title is necessary to convince those at all familiar with that part of the country, that it represents a New England scene. Landscapes have physiognomies no less than peoples; and it is as easy to tell a scene in New England from one in the West, as to pick out a genuine Down-Easter from a group of Pacific Slope miners. It is not easy to tell wherein the difference consists, in the case of either the men or their surroundings; but we know it does exist and can be distinguished. We feel it, which is, perhaps, the surest though not the most logical way of knowing a thing. New England has her fertile valleys as well as her rock-ribbed hills, and the great West boasts giant mountains as well as teeming prairies; yet no faithful picture of the one could ever be mistaken for the other. Each has a beauty all its own—a beauty which will seem greater in the one or the other, according to the mood or the temperament of the observer; but it would surely be difficult to find anywhere a scene better calculated to rouse and to satisfy the soul of a lover of natural beauty, be he poet or painter, or the silent adorer who can feel, but has neither of these means of ex-

pressing his emotion,—than is a New England valley, and, of all these, the Valley of the Housatonic. Extending from the north to the south, a distance of fifty miles; with Greylock at one end and Taconic at the other, two giant mountain sentinels to guard its approaches; with an average breadth of twenty miles, through which winds in and out the beautiful river, with so many devious curves that, in the town of Stockbridge, where Mr. Parton has chosen the site of his picture, it scarcely gets half a mile on its way in six miles of wandering, this valley presents a scene of uninterrupted beauty which might have fitted it for the ideal home of Rasselas.

Beautiful it is in all its parts and at all times, but perhaps nowhere more so than at Stockbridge—the Great Meadow, as the Indians called it; and at no time does the beauty of such a scene make itself more felt than on such a summer's day as the artist has chosen for depicting its features.

There is nothing to distract the mind: neither conflict of the elements nor noisy hurry of man's business interferes to prevent the observer from drinking his fill of nature's sweet influences. On the contrary, the sun, the fierceness of his rays just tempered by the floating clouds; the breeze, barely stirring the lazy foliage; the haymakers, with the rythmical motion of their silent labor; the patient oxen, fittest beasts of burden for such a scene; the cows, calmly chewing the cud in the margin of the pool; the bees, whose hum—a most drowsy sound, in spite of Dr. Watts's testimony to their industry—fills the air; the atmosphere laden with the scent of the new-mown hay and the sweet odors of a thousand flowers,—all tempt the mind from active thought, and beget that condition of quiet receptivity which one must feel to know and enjoy nature. It was such a day, and such a scene, our eccentric poet must have had in mind when he expressed his quaint wish to “loaf and invite his soul.”

It must not be supposed that it is for the beauty of its scenery alone that Stockbridge has claims on our consideration, though there are places, as there are persons, whose beauty is sufficient excuse for their being. It has its history—albeit a quiet tale, for no battle has ever been fought on its broad meadows, and only rumors of wars have ever passed the mountain-sentinels which guard that peaceful valley.

From the beginning the story of the Housatonic Valley is one of peace. When the early white settlers of New England had penetrated so far to the west, they found dwelling there a tribe of Indians, small in numbers, but evidently superior to most of the other aborigines in character, and of such a reputation for bravery on the field and wisdom in council, that they were both feared and dreaded by surrounding tribes, and very seldom found it necessary to take the war-path. An instance of this power of the River Indians (as they were called) is found in the history of the French war, when the tribes to the north of them, incited by the French, had planned an attack upon the English settlements in Massachusetts,—but, finding the River Indians the firm allies of the whites, turned aside and left this Happy Valley in peace.

The story of the manner in which the whites of that day dealt with these Indians is a curious one, showing a mixture of shrewdness and justice which, if it fell short of the highest ideal of abstract justice, seems at least to have served an admirable purpose in making the two races firm friends. To be sure, the whites, in the end, occupied the land, and the descendants of the Indians are now far enough from the home of their fathers; but this may be considered only “manifest destiny,” against which neither red man nor white man can successfully fight. It was about 1724 that the attention of the white people of Massachusetts Bay began to be called to the spiritual condition of the River Indians, and their painful lack of knowledge of true religion, which was the more especially regretted as they occupied by far the goodliest land the colonists had yet found. It was very soon resolved that efforts should be made to convert these Indians—efforts which were met half way by the objects of them, who seem to have been more than willing to have the gospel preached to them; and not

long thereafter Mr. John Sergeant, then a tutor in Yale College, was selected and sent as a missionary to the Housatonic Valley. The chief difficulty he had to encounter seems to have arisen from the nomadic habits and scattered situation of his people; and it was accordingly resolved to gather the Indians together in a compact body—a proceeding to which the aborigines seem to have given a cheerful assent; and a tract of land six miles square, including the site of the present town of Stockbridge, was accordingly set apart for them. Here they made their home, and here, too, came a number of white families, the Indians giving them a hearty welcome. Not every one, however, was allowed to become a dweller in this Utopia. Only persons of unimpeachable moral worth and character, carefully selected and approved by the General Court, were allowed to settle here; so that the new church and the new town contained only the best specimens of the two races to be found, at least in New England.

Chief among the few troubles with which Mr. Sergeant had to contend in his missionary labors, was the disposition shown by his flock to wander from the settlement. During the winter they were as quiet and teachable a congregation as could have been desired; but at the approach of spring they announced their intention of betaking themselves to the woods, and divided themselves into bands for that purpose.

Finding that their purpose was to make maple-sugar, Mr. Sergeant pointed out the fact that there were plenty of maple-trees near by, and managed to persuade them not to go so far as to prevent him from accompanying them and ministering to them in their camps, which he did, and so learned the art (until then unknown to the whites) of making maple-sugar, a fact which of itself should compel a nation's gratitude to the mission to the River Indians. It is not every missionary who has gained from his parishioners the knowledge of so toothsome a sweet.

In 1734 a mission-house was built at the expense of the colony, and by order of the General Court. It is still standing on land belonging to Mr. David Dudley Field, whose father, Rev. David D. Field, D. D., was for many years a resident of Stockbridge, and who is himself the largest landholder in the town.

In 1737 a parsonage was built, which was occupied by Mr. Sergeant until his death in 1749, and subsequently by his successor, the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, who resided there for about seven years, until he was made president of Rutgers College in New Jersey, and who here wrote that most remarkable of metaphysical works, his treatise on the “Freedom of the Will.” The house is still standing, and is seen, in the middle distance, in Mr. Parton's picture.

During both the French and the Revolutionary wars, Stockbridge furnished brave and wise men to the colonial forces, the Indians in both instances rendering equal services with the whites. Indeed, Stockbridge has some claims to exceptional honors in connection with the struggle for independence; for in 1774 a convention was held there, of which John Ashley was president and Theodore Sedgwick, afterward distinguished on the bench and in Congress, was secretary, which was among the first to adopt resolutions in favor of resisting the encroachments of the mother country. The tide of war did not reach the village; but a gentleman, Colonel Daniel Williams, who died not very long ago at a ripe old age, remembered well seeing a detachment of Burgoyne's army marched through the town as prisoners on their way to Boston. Particularly was his boyish mind impressed with the fact of the Hessians, while resting under the trees on the Common, smoking steadily at their odd pipes—an accomplishment as common to them as it was uncommon among the New Englanders at that day. He also remembered the celebration in honor of the end of the war and the achievement of independence. The feature of the festival which seemed to have struck him most forcibly, was the Indians shooting arrows into an effigy of Benedict Arnold, a man intensely hated by the honest natives, who never lost an opportunity for testifying their detestation of his treason.

The history of this tribe, remarkable for high qualities as well as for their close friendship for and loyalty

to the whites, is not without a really pathetic interest, as illustrating the certain extinction which seems always to be the fate of the red man when once the whites have set foot on his hunting-grounds. In 1783 the River Indians removed to lands given them by the Oneidas, in the State of New York, where they built a town which they called New Stockbridge, and where they persuaded Mr. Sergeant, the son of their first missionary, to settle with them as their pastor. In 1822 they were again removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, and a few years ago a portion of the tribe moved on across the Missouri. In all their wanderings they have retained their love—now become a tradition—for the old home; and members of the race have often made pilgrimages to the burial place of their tribe, which still remains undisturbed, at Stockbridge, the inclosure filled with acacia-trees. Such an incident has furnished Mr. Bryant with the subject for one of his poems, "The Indian at the Burial Place of his Fathers," the scene of which is laid here.

The reputation of Stockbridge for containing the best of society, which it would seem to have acquired by the manner of its early settlement, has been well sustained. The number of those who have been born or who have lived there, and have acquired at least so much fame as to entitle them to some space in any good encyclopædia—which is after all the true test of fame—is, considering the population of the town, large. Of the early missionaries mention has already been made, as also of Theodore Sedgwick, whose gifted daughter, Catharine Maria, one of the foremost of American novelists, has used much of the local scenery and history of the valley in her tales, particularly in "Hope Leslie," the scene of which is chiefly laid in Stockbridge. It was here, too, that Hawthorne wrote his "House of the Seven Gables." Rev. Dr. Field, to whom reference has also been made, himself an author of repute, lived in Stockbridge, and his three sons, David Dudley, whose labors in the cause of legal reform have borne fruit in the legislation of every State in the Union; Oliver J., one of the justices of the U. S. Supreme Court; Cyrus W., to whose energy we owe the Atlantic Cable; and Rev. Henry M., the editor of the *Evangelist*—were all reared there. No one who has been at all familiar with the art or literary circles of New York for the past few years will soon forget Mrs. Henry M. Field, who, though a native of another land, had made this her own, and who had done so much for art education, when, not very long ago, we were called to mourn her loss. Of college presidents and professors, Stockbridge has given us, among others, President Hopkins, of Williams, and his gifted son, Prof. Albert Hopkins, who both was born and died there; President Fairchild and Prof. Morgan, of Oberlin, Prof. Joy and others; while in other walks in life the list of such names as Dwight, Woodbridge, West, Gourlay, Southmayd, Ivison, abundantly sustains the claims of the quiet little village to having fulfilled the expectations reasonably entertained of a town settled by selected families. It might be worth while, in fact, in view of these results, for the professors of the laws and science of descent, to examine carefully the history of Stockbridge with reference to a possible theory.

The scenery around Stockbridge has been frequently celebrated in prose and verse as well as on canvas, and attracts an annually increasing number of tourists. Mr. Beecher, in one of his "Star Papers," speaks eloquently of its broad meadow lands and its beautiful elms; while the neat houses, well-kept gardens and clean streets make it a model village, excelled in beauty and attractiveness by few in the world.

Besides these things many attractions to visitors are found in the mountains and lakes. Of the former the best known is Monument Mountain, which is seen in Mr. Parton's picture; while Bear Mountain, Mount Deowkook and Laurel Mountain are always visited by tourists for the sake of the views to be obtained from them—especially from Laura's Tower on Bear Mountain, from which can be seen the valleys of the Hudson and the Connecticut, and even, it is said, on a favorable day, the hills of New Hampshire. Ice Glen, a gorge which looks as if it had been formed by giant hands tearing the mountain asunder, is a "show

place" for all tourists, as are also the beautiful little lakes Makeenac, Averic and Mohawk.

Those who are most familiar with the scene seem most to love it, while visitors are invariably enthusiastic over it. Said a gentleman who owns a house there in which much of his time—especially during the summer months—is spent: "The scene is never twice the same. Sitting on my veranda, I sometimes watch the shifting clouds for hours, finding in the scene all the beauty with none of the monotony of the sea. Cloud-land I call it." Perhaps the most enthusiastic compliment ever paid it was, however, this from Fanny Kemble Butler, with which this article may fitly close: "I will not rise to trouble any one," said she, "if they will let me sleep there. I will ask only to be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head and look out upon this glorious scene." —J. A. Peters.

THE LADIES' ART ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

WE who live for art, devoting our time and talents to its absorbing, ennobling pursuit, eagerly accepting a life of severe labor and self-denial that so we may in time attain the development of a high ideal—we also who live by art through imparting its technical knowledge to others—or through applying its principles to articles of household and personal use,—are often surprised to find how little we know of each other—how much less the world knows of us.

The celebration of our national birthday, with the attempt to show "cultivated Europe," hoary with age, what "savage America" in its babyhood can do—has revealed, to the astonishment of society, the fact that a "Ladies' Art Association" has been in existence in the city of New York since the year 1868, when a few lady-artists met at the residence of the late Mrs. Pope (who had offered her studio for the exhibition of their paintings) and organized themselves into a legal society, or association, with regularly elected responsible officers. The members were then but nine in number; there are now about fifty, besides fellows, honorary and associate members.

Until the death of Mrs. Pope, regular meetings were held at her studio, the members bringing paintings and sketches for mutual criticism and instruction, endeavoring also to interest themselves socially and professionally in each other as well as in all matters pertaining to art and artists. In those early days of the Society, the lamented Mrs. Pope seemed the inspiring spirit, the magnetic influence that held the little band of struggling ladies (I use this word as more truly descriptive of them than the word *women*) together, gave them hope and courage, and aroused some degree of interest in their aims among those who care for art. After the loss of this valuable member, the Association had rooms at the Women's Bureau, where they made their first collection of women's artistic work to add to their gallery.

Next, they held a studio at Clinton Hall, and organized a class in drawing from life, from both the nude and the draped model.

As an instance of how we progress with our times, one member of the Association recently related at one of their meetings the fact that between twenty-five and twenty years ago she studied from the living model in her own bedroom, with locked doors, never daring to reveal the fact nor to show her sketches, even when friends expressed surprise at the "natural genius" which enabled her to draw the human form so correctly *from imagination*. (If everybody worked so hard as she did to train eye and hand, we should perceive more evidences of natural genius.)

Again, even twenty years ago, a lady exhibited a most unusual amount of courage when she so far departed from the rule of conduct established by conventional respectability, as to hire a studio and establish herself as an artist. Now, this course has become so common as to excite no remark, and will in time, when its real meaning and necessity are understood, receive the social praise and sympathy it needs. I have not space now to explain this fully, nor is enlargement on this point necessary.

The Ladies' Art Association should be more widely

known. Its members possess many advantages that are not elsewhere attainable by ladies—including certain privileges of study here, opportunities of exhibiting and selling their works, and valuable letters of introduction when going abroad. The expenses attending membership are light; but no one is admitted to active membership unless able to submit to the committee an original work of art. There are, however, junior members (students of art), associate and honorary members. Classes are held at the rooms of the Association, No. 896 Broadway, where instruction is given in all branches of technical art, including painting on china, furniture decoration, carpet and wall-paper designs, etc.

Several members are now studying in Europe; others, in this and the adjoining cities, constantly produce and sell at their own studios works of ideal art and portraiture which will compare favorably with the paintings of some who are better known.

The officers for this year are, Mrs. Henry Peters Gray, president; Mrs. Sophie Mapes Tolles, vice-president; Miss E. C. Field, treasurer; Miss Cornelia S. Post, recording secretary; Mrs. J. B. Collin, corresponding secretary; Alice Donlevy, custodian; who, with Miss Mary Cook and Mrs. Richmond Phillips, form the executive committee. The advisory council are: Daniel Huntington, N. A.; W. Whiteridge, N. A.; E. D. E. Greene, N. A.; Henry Peters Gray, N. A. —Elizabeth Dudley.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST ABROAD.

ALL America will be glad to learn of a distinguished honor lately paid to David Neal, the young but already celebrated American painter, for some years past residing in Munich, where he has enjoyed the friendship as well as the art-study of some of the greatest painters of the century. Mr. Neal some time since completed a picture of importance, on a theme appealing to the sympathies as well as the historic knowledge of all nations, in "The First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio" (in German: "Maria Stuart und Riccio's Erst Begegnung"); and in recognition of the noble advance shown in this work, even over the previous excellent efforts of the American artist, the Royal (Munich) Academy of Fine Arts, one of the leading institutions of the kind at this day in Europe, has conferred on him the high and marked distinction of its great silver medal—the very highest, in fact, in its power to bestow. No American has ever previously achieved this distinction from so careful and so high-toned a body as the Bavarian Royal Academy; and the honor thus conferred is one upon the nation as well as the actual recipient. We heartily congratulate Mr. Neal on this eminent success, so early yet so worthily won; and the patrons of THE ALDINE will freely join with us in the congratulation; all the more surely as we hope, at no distant day, to add to our previous representations of this artist's genius a copy, fresh from his own hand, of this, in a double sense, historically interesting picture.

TO-DAY.

DRAW nearer, eyes that charmed my heart away—
Nearer and nearer yet;
And tell me, lips that kiss my cold ones warm,
How soon can love forget?

Nay, tell me not that time and absence ne'er
Can make you less my own.
Men always change, dear love, and you will change
Ere many years have flown.

You will forget, and, in the coming days,
Some fair young head will rest
Where mine rests now—for the last happy time—
Quiet upon your breast.

And you will love her, dear; and she will know
The blessing of your kiss.
Your life will be complete and glad once more,
And me you will not miss.

You will forget—forget me utterly;
But kiss me while you may,
And tell me, soft and low, you love me best
Of all the world—to-day!

—Florence Percy Allen.



OLD STOCKBRIDGE. - A. PARTON.